AN

ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH

Of the REVEREND

Mr. *PETER GOODWIN.*

[Price Three-Pence.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

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Of the REVEREND

Mr. *PETER GOODWIN*,

Who departed this LIFE

NOVEMBER 27, 1747.

IN THE

LXIVth Year of his AGE.

By *THOMAS GIBBONS.*

Πορευὺ, καὶ σὺ ποίει ομοίως. Luke x. 37.

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M DCC XLVIII.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

I.

WHILE other Poets, hir'd to ſing,
Varniſh the Marble Tomb with Praiſe,
My Muſe, that dips in Sorrows Spring,
Th' impaſſion'd Lay to GOODWIN pays.

II.

Great Man, th' incomparable Worth
That dwelt behind thy Vail of Clay,
Aſks ſome bright Angel to paint forth,
For thou wert Half-divine as They.

III.

III.

Early devoted to the Cauſe
Of JESUS, and celeſtial Truth,
How did thy Life adorn their Laws,
Ev'n in the op'ning Blooms of Youth!

IV.

But when thy breaking Dawn was o'er,
And Thou, like an illuſtrious Sun,
Collecting all thy glorious Store,
Began'ſt thy radiant Courſe to run;

V.

What burning Zeal, and living Light
Mingled with all thy heav'nly Strains,
Scatt'ring the Sinners mental Night,
And melting off his frozen Chains!

VI.

VI.

Thy Wiſdom ſhunn'd each wide Extreme,
And kept the bright dividing Line:
Sinners were ſhown the purple Stream,
That flow'd with Life, and Joy Divine.

VII.

To ſov'reign Love's victorious Might
Thou did'ſt reſolve our Natures Change;
And here with ever freſh Delight
Thy Contemplations lov'd to range.

VIII.

But ſtill the holy Doctrines ran
In gentle Accents from thy Tongue;
As Streams that o'er the thirſty Plain
In ſilver Softneſs glide along.

IX.

For well thou knew'ſt unhallow'd Fire
Would ray no Truth upon the Soul,
The Soul, that burns with equal Ire,
And ſcorns tyrannical Controul.

X.

Like an impartial Envoy, Thou
Did'ſt publiſh Heav'ns preceptive Mind;
Did'ſt all our various Duties ſhow,
And with reſiſtleſs Motives bind.

XI.

Threatnings with all their flaming Force
Were thunder'd on the Rebels Head,
Dooming to Hell his dreadful Courſe,
And blaſting his Preſumption dead.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Enal

XII.

Then gently o'er the anguiſh'd Heart
The Promiſe ſhed its healing Balm,
The Promiſe eas'd the raging Smart,
And bid each rolling Fear be calm.

XIII.

Thus did'ſt Thou, GOODWIN, ever preach,
Alike in Age, alike in Youth,
Thy Life commenting on thy Speech,
And ſealing ev'ry ſacred Truth:

XIV.

For Heav'n th' immortal Seed had ſown
In the rich Culture of thy Breaſt,
And then in ſhow'ring Dews came down,
And with its beaming Influence bleſt.

XV.

Thy *Faith* and *Hope* ſublimely roſe,
And open'd a celeſtial Bloom,
While *Love* th' expanded Bloſſom blows,
And breathes abroad its ſweet Perfume.

XVI.

Here, like the flow'ring Palm, that ſhoots
Againſt the Tempeſts baffled Pow'r,
Thy *Patience* ſtruck its ſtedfaſt Roots,
And flouriſh'd in the ſtormy Hour.

XVII.

Integrity, devoid of Art,
And ſpotleſs as the Lilly's Hue,
Sprung genuine from thy conſcious Heart,
And wide its fragrant Honours threw.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Humble thou wert, without Pretence;
Serious, without a gloomy Mien;
Faithful, without a ſow'r Offence;
And ſympathetick, yet ſerene.

XIX.

Thou didſt not, or to God, or Man,
Th' expected Debt of Duty ſhun:
But Grace and Vertue o'er thy Span
In one harmonious Current run.

XX.

But, Oh! ſcarce paſt thy Manhoods Prime,
The palſi'd Hand of haſty Death
Quick'ned the ſlower Pace of Time,
And prematurely ſnatch'd thy Breath.

XXI.

Hark! how the diſmal Groans ariſe
Deep from the Breaſts of ev'ry Saint,
Unlimited the Sorrow flies,
And each to each returns the Plaint.

XXII.

For ſure if Mortal ever ſpent
His Hour of Time without a Foe,
Thou wert the Man: hence All lament,
And mingle in the Guſh of Woe.

XXIII.

But, Oh! thine Houſe, of late the Seat,
Where Love, and Peace, and Pleaſure ſmil'd,
As Mornings vernal Odours ſweet,
And as the Ev'nings Zephirs mild;

XXIV.

Now now becomes the central Gloom
Of Anguiſh, Death, and long Deſpair:
There lies the Victim of the Tomb,
And ev'ry Joy is buried there.

XXV.

Support them, Heav'n, amidſt the Grief,
And quick the cordial Bleſſings ſend;
Thou, the pale Orphans ſure Relief,
Thou, the lone Widdows promis'd Friend.

XXVI.

But ſee o'er Natures weeping Eyes
Faith darts a Ray divinely bright,
Opens the Viſions of the Skies,
And thither marks the Spirits Flight.

XXVII.

XXVII.

Farewel, Dear Man, thou now art gone
From faint Decays, and groaning Pains
To drink the Pleaſures of the Throne,
And triumph in ſeraphick Strains.

XXVIII.

† BURES has juſt forſook his Clay,
And Souls alli'd, like Thine and His,
Quick trace each other on the Way,
The Way that leads to endleſs Bliſs.

EPIPHO-

† The Reverend Mr. THOMAS BURES, a late worthy and judicious Preacher, and Paſtor of a Diſſenting Congregation in *Silver-Street*.

EPIPHONEMA.

I.

JESUS, thou Guardian of thy Saints,
Amidſt th' encroaching Waſtes of Death
To Thee thy ZION ſends her Plaints,
And ſhall She ſigh neglected Breath?

II.

The ſhining Stars that fill'd thine Hand,
And o'er thy Churches beam'd their Blaze,
Withdraw their Lights at thy Command,
And Heav'n receives their parting Rays.

III.

Kindle, and place another Choir
To ſparkle in their vacant Spheres,
And feed them with celeſtial Fire
Long long to bleſs the riſing Years.

IV.

IV.

But, if thy Will our Suit denies,
This laſt extatick Groan we pour,
" Break, Sun of Glory, from the Skies,
" And we ſhall want thy Stars no more."

FINIS.

[redacted]

In the Preſs, and in a few Days will be publiſhed by the ſame Author,

III.

The Religious Obſervance of the SABBATH, practically ſtated and enforced.